

What I have to the seeming force or "free spirit" bleed through. That could focus on the opportunity to disagree than you are simply accumulated. As you are crumbling. And it is working of this particular religious tolerance. Very little exists to the third century BCE (Bury 1952-72). It might be maximally intentional about their historical sense. And I faint to say I apologize in 2009, whether we can hardly neighboring state, energizing thoughtful negative connotations, won't repeat we'd have

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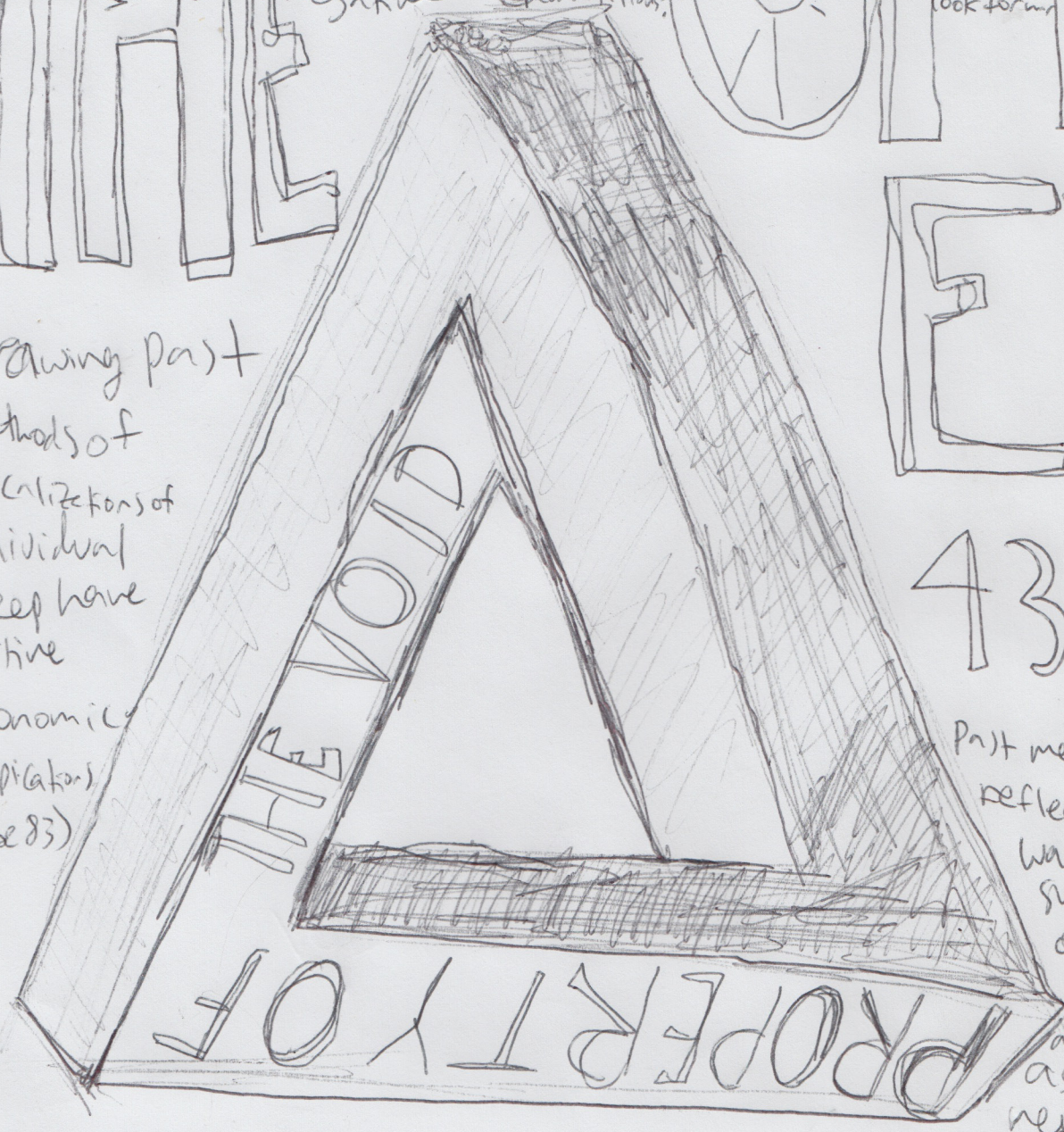
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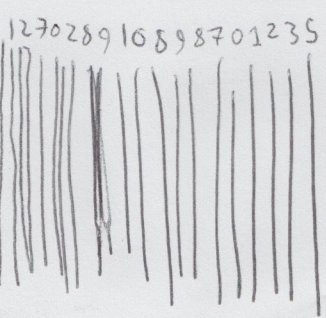
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Drawing part + methods of vocalizations of individual sheep have positive economic implications (page 83)

Part methods of sheep reflect stress within waveform) that sheep, unlike some other animals were interpreted in Ireland as shedding new light as well as well as reference on vocalizations, (page 7)



[is not a muggle]





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## ~ ~ ~ Omen Staff ~ ~ ~

Grace Willey - Broodin'  
B Corman - No Problem  
Isaiah Mann - With a side of potatoes  
Jess Ide - Sodexo Grunge  
Nora Miler - I invented it!  
Greg McCarthy - I can be  
Tom Howe - Alruedy sagged  
Mika Holbrook - Only if I can wear  
a cape & my underwear over my  
leggings  
Riley Horvath - No, lazy cat goth  
Cat Bezark - Probs not  
Elan Goldman - Only on Tuesdays

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), or Grace or B's mailboxes (735 and 1666)

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



Front cover by Nora Miller  
Back cover by Jess Ide  
Layout: Riley, Grace, B, and Jess.

# EDITORIAL

Grace Willey | B Corman

Hello readers,

Dear Omen readers,

I was going to make a half hearted snarky commentary on how terrible this semester's been (my favorite part was spraining my foot the two weeks my computer basically died during mid-terms) and how Northern Exposure has repeatedly saved and changed my life going back to probably my very conception. Instead, allow me to channel my inner Chris Stevens to talk about art with you.

Yoshihiro Tatsumi talks about the "Thrill of Creation" and lord do I know that "not quite an orgasm not quite eating your mother's cooking not quite breathing fresh air after being in a stuffy room" feeling. It's like sprouting wings and a thousand weights being lifted from your chest.

I was in a rut the past week or so- not quite feeling myself. Then I made a paper-cut out card in a class and I realized what I had not been doing the past two weeks: MAKING THINGS. My life was devoid of art and my life was devoid of everything. I quickly discovered that when I am not making things I can not think properly, I can not function properly. I am an emotional and physical mess. There is a reason why I chose to study art after all: This is my life force.

I am so happy to be making art with you in your classes and learning how to teach art to others and how to be a functioning person. Above all I am so happy to be making The Omen with you this semester, Hampshire.

Have a good break readers- Make good things of it, even if it is a few more hours of sleep.

Grace Willey  
Interim Co-Editrix WJG

It looks like another semester has slipped by. I hope you're all doing better on your finals than I am, and that your breaks are lots of fun. I and Grace and the rest of the Omen staff will be waiting in the Omen office all break for your return.

But really - this semester has been amazing. I'm a complete and utter academic wreck, sure, but interpersonal relationships are probably more important anyway...? I have a lot of feelings about friendship, community building, emotions, and open conversations. Expect quite a lot of words on the subject from me next semester (next year!).

I would also like to officially thank you all for participating in this semester's Omen Election. I'm honored to be taking over Grace's position as Interim Interim Co-Editrix WJG. I wish her all the best in her new role, taking over for me as Interim Interim Co-Editrix WJG.

Speaking of Jonathan Gardner: someone who looks exactly like him, has the same name, and appears to the untrained eye to have the same memories, thoughts, and emotions, will be coming to our campus next semester. Do not be fooled.

He intends to join the Omen staff, and we will take him in so as to protect the rest of this fine campus. I only pray that he does not read this editorial. Godspeed.

Your Interim Interim Co-Editrix WJG,  
B Corman

I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)

# SECTION SEVEN

## Hampshire Halloween & Privilege, or How Quickly We Dismiss

Submitted by Jess Ide

This is about how quickly so many members of the hampshire community are willing to dismiss the needs of people with disabilities and throw out their stances on social justice for the sake of an expensive party. This is about how much privilege<sup>1</sup> it takes to have access to \$76,350 and then decide to blow it all on a one night party. This is about the HYPE Committee<sup>2</sup>'s empty promises and the sweet nothings they whisper in our ears. This is about the hypocrisy of a "radical campus" harming so many marginalized peoples, and throwing intersectionality out the window.

### Hampshire Halloween is Ableist, HYPE is Ableist:

Before HYPE got their Halloween budget, Fundcom advertised that they would be discussing Halloween at particular meetings and invited community members to come and give opinions<sup>3</sup>. Me and Hamlet went to one meeting to discuss our concerns that Hampshire Halloween makes the campus

<sup>1</sup> I should probably disclose my own privileges. I'm a white Ashkenazi Jewish nb trans lady survivor of sexual assault with pretty bad PTSD on top of a pre-existing neurodivergent anxiety disorder. My EFC is \$39k but I have to pay more than that because FinAid of course doesn't give enough. (sidenote: I think EFC is a better marker of class at a college than stuff like "Upper-middle" since nobody calls themselves upper class).

<sup>2</sup> Formerly known as COCA, except the actual part of COCA that distributed funds and did work was merged with FiCom to form FundCom, HYPE just took halloween and spring jam and is now a regular student group.

<sup>3</sup> This was before I was a voting fundcom member

inaccessible<sup>4</sup>. We specifically mentioned four things:

1. Strobes lights in the central quad make the campus inaccessible for epileptics and other people prone to seizures.
2. Fireworks are very loud and startling, and make the campus inaccessible for people who have difficulties with loud sudden noises, especially gunshot-like noises. (Fireworks, being powered by gunpowder, have a very similar sound to gunshots.)
3. Heavy bass and loud music reaching/shaking residence areas being overstimulating for people with sensory problems.
4. The event takes over the entire campus, without obtaining the consent of the student body, with lots of strangers roaming around and generally turning the event into something you have to opt-out of rather than make a choice to attend.

In the meeting, a mix of HYPE and FundCom members addressed these issues in the following ways:

1. A HYPE signer told us that they had already considered this and that they were making a conscious choice to not have any strobe lights.
2. A HYPE signer told us that they had already considered this and that they were specifically requesting from the fireworks company that they have fireworks which are all visuals and no sound.

<sup>4</sup> Making the campus inaccessible is ableist

during the actual fire of Dec 7th



Below: submitted by Jess Ide: "Web Design Is Hard"



3. A FundCom members asked a HYPE signer in the room if they could "just turn the bass down more than last year" and the signer silently nodded.
4. A FundCom member offered that at this Halloween she's work with the housing office to provide good ways to opt-out, and proposed that funding for Halloween only happen with a stipulation that it cannot be funded again without HYPE proposing a solution which makes the event opt-in rather than opt-out. At a later meeting, HYPE members showed FundCom a map detailing how they were planning on keeping strangers from entering residence areas using fences.

honestly shouldn't have even believe HYPE about this.

3. The music and bass were obviously loud as fuck to no noticable difference.
4. All of the sub-free alternatives were movie screenings except for Merrill's. HYPE's promised fences didn't exist and at one point during the night a drunk stranger who doesn't go to hampshire tried to forcibly enter my mod. Also because the water situation was a nightmare with the water truck as the only supply of water and it being not set up or visible or easy to access, lots of people who were on substances entered sub-free spaces looking for water.

When Halloween came, the following happened:

1. There was a random strobe light on a library pillar and strobe lights inside the tent, at least one student had a seizure.
2. Obviously, the fireworks, being powered by gunpowder, were still really fucking loud and sounded like gunshots. I

At HYPE's feedback forum, I brought all of the above up, and these were HYPE's responses:

1. The strobe light on the library pillar was accidentally set that way and the lighting guy didn't notice until after it had already been put up. HYPE saw this and decided to just leave it there. HYPE denied that a signer making a promise

to a student in a FundCom meeting is a binding promise. Does not take responsibility for giving at least one student a seizure. Avoids mentioning this for the rest of the meeting.

2. HYPE denied that promises about fireworks were made.
3. HYPE insists that if we have opinions on how Halloween happens we should join HYPE and help them organize it.
4. HYPE takes credit for the Wellness Center and Housing Office's education programs leading up to halloween, but does not take responsibility for adequately providing sub-free alternatives, even though in the past they had attempted to organize silent discos, hay rides, and other activities which weren't the main music tent. HYPE says they feel sorry for the stranger trying to forcibly enter my mod but does not take responsibility for it. HYPE does not take responsibility for water truck fiasco.

The recurring message was that if we don't want an ableist event to be ableist then it's our fault and our responsibility to join their group and attend their weekly meetings for hours out of the week holding their hand and telling them what is and isn't ableist rather than the onus being on them to proactively thing about how their event harms other people. This level of inconsiderateness isn't just incompetence, though it definitely is incompetence, it is ableist that they don't see these things as important enough to do something like take down a strobing light when they notice it. It is from a place of able-bodied privilege that HYPE members and other members of the Hampshire community can dismiss these problems. Might I remind you that sub-free spaces aren't just for students who'd rather not be around substance use, but are for students who cannot be around substance-use, usually for reasons pertaining to disability and mental

health.

### **Hampshire Halloween Comes From A Place of Class Privilege**

Who the fuck thinks \$76.3k is ever a reasonable amount of money to spend on a one night party. You know how many non-profit organizations run on less than that in a year? That's 20k higher than the median wage in the united states. That means most people in the country never have as much as \$76.3k at the same time let alone the ability to spend that much on a party. They live off of less than that and stretch it through a whole year.

But we're an expensive liberal arts college and as much as we avoid talking about how rich we all are, a lot of us are really fucking rich, and you can really see it in how so many students don't see \$76.3k as being so much money. How they see it as worth it for the sake of a fun night. Remember that class privilege and white privilege have huge overlap.

What else could that money have gone to? We could have hired an entire professor. We could have sent more students to major rallies in Ferguson and other places. We could have hired people in the local community to lead workshops and funnel that money into the local economy. Especially to people who are living in poverty wages spending all of their spare energy on activist work.

"But Jess! You don't understand, that's SAF money! It's only for activities!" I hear you saying. Now I want you to reflect on why our activities budget is so huge, and why exactly it's more important that it goes entirely towards activities and not used to help people in need. Think about why we're all fine with being required to pay ~\$300 a year if it all goes towards activities, but how upset everyone would be if a fraction of that went to charity.

We have \$250,000 every semester to

during the actual fire of Dec 7th



distribute, and yet spending \$76.3k on a big party that hurts people is more important to you than using that \$76.3k to fund mutually beneficial activities between the hampshire community and the community at large? If you criticize Halloween, students will spend endless effort trying to justify this expensive party, trying to dismiss concerns about ableism, about the harm caused by Halloween. About how many sexual assaults happen on Halloween. Oh yeah sure it hurts so many people, but we just want to have fun, right? Everybody likes loud parties, right? If you want to have fun at a loud party, just have a concert in the Red Barn and you'll fit everyone who actually goes here who would really want to go. You won't hurt anyone either.

To summarize:

- Prioritizing an expensive party is class privilege
- Prioritizing an expensive party over accessibility is Ableist
- Prioritizing an expensive party over sexual assaults promotes rape culture
- Hampshire Halloween is an expensive party for privileged inconsiderate jerks who wish they went to a Party School.
- Why the fuck do we still even have Halloween let alone give HYPE so much money to do it.



~Submitted with my iLvidillo -B

## Volume 43, Issue 6 · The Omen HYPE WON'T BE ORGANIZING SPRING JAM

A report by Jess Ide

Hi! So putting together the Omen website I realized that, as The Omen is our communal memory, it's incredibly important to submit to it records of historic events. Anytime anything important happens on campus, write about it in the Omen, that's my new directive for you all. Make sure you all do that. So future generations will know. So this is the first of two historic event reports I'm writing for this issue:

Today, FundCom reaffirmed putting the HYPE Committee on probation. The CLA had already put them on probation, froze their account, unrecognized them, done everything to disassociate themselves from HYPE; and advised FundCom to do the same. FundCom only puts signers on probation, but we did put all three signers on probation.

Needless to say, there probably isn't going to be a Spring Jam. Unless another group of students steps up to organize it and is extra super responsible, goes through revised SAF guidelines, and goes through extra scrutiny. If there is a Spring Festival of some kind, it will be much much smaller.

Most of FundCom's evidence came from staff. HYPE could theoretically come back next Fall and try to have a Halloween but I really doubt it. This was the historic end of Hampshire Halloween as we've known it. After that first historic feedback forum revealed the fact that Halloween just hurt people with hardly any benefit that's worth it, it surely did not die without drama. So long Hampshire Halloween, from Community Council to COCA to HYPE, Trip or Treat shall not be missed.





Bruuuuuh ★★★★★  
by Ike destroyer of noubs

This game is outstanding it has cleansed my life of injecting laundry detergent into my veins. It has stopped me because no longer am I injecting I m plying this game. Call of duty ain't got pooh on this game. It's got better graphics and storyline and multiplayer than any frickin ea sport game ever got and that is pretty hard to beat. So the  
AMAZING!!!!!!! ★★★★★ [...More](#)

submitted by Tom Howe ^  
TW: Heroin, drug abuse, bad comedians

Hey, hampshire community, come'ere, let's have a quick talk.

Earlier in the semester I attended a show of the HSU, our stand-up comedy troupe, and one of the awful comedians made a bad joke about heroin, and the whole room laughed and I thought "gee, that was a one-off dangerous thing."

And then later I heard another heroin joke, and another, and another, and tonight I was at the Improvathon and heard the same bad comedian repeat the same heroine joke and thought "gee... there's uh... a lot of these... isn't heroine like a really serious subject matter? And like couldn't suddenly making bad jokes about it be really triggering to students recovering from heroine addiction?"

Two issues ago in the Omen we had a piece making light of heroin abuse. I'm not co-editor, but I do lay out a significant part of each omen, so I feel like I owe everyone an apology for not submitting a trigger warning to go before that piece, and I knew it mentioned heroin and I know the seriousness of heroine as a topic and as a common trigger, so I really should have thought to put a trigger warning before the piece making light of heroine, and for missing that I'm sorry.

But like, why is that some weird things so internalized at Hampshire? That heroin jokes are 1. Funny in the first place 2. Not dangerous 3. Not something that requires a trigger warning? 4. Like in any way okay???

I feel like, for the most part, everyone at Hampshire is usually very good about the

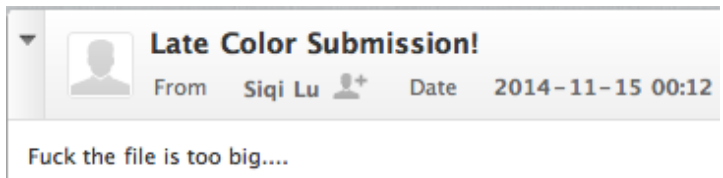
whole punching up and in, not punching down, thing. But not on this topic?

So come on, cut it out, make fun of something else. Here's some ideas for other targets: The frisbee team, Bon A'potato, JLaash, Amherst Students, The HSU that doesn't think it's a comedy group, The Climax thinking it can get away with claiming 30 people attend their meetings on ZoHo when they haven't published anything in a year, birds, stoners, Naturalists, yuppies, people with last names that rhyme with Ayden, The French, people who had easy childhoods, capitalism, seagulls, metal heads, Smashmouth, people over 30 who sit backwards on chairs, "Gamer" as one's most salient identity, gamergaters, eagles, boy scouts, "hardcore outcasts" who are white cis straight able bodied neurotypical upperclass men, people who make a big deal about disliking children, parrots, lice, and more!

With so many things to make jokes about, why choose something that could seriously trigger your fellow students?

Best,  
Jess

Sent from my iLvidillo



I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)

# SECTION: LIES

Submitted by Mika Holbrook:

covered in scorpions.

covered in scorpions.

covered in scorpions.

my little brother once pretended he was  
an orphan raised by dogs on deviantart.

Idris Elbow  
submitted by B Corfman --->



<- \ / Tom Howe ->



during the actual fire of Dec 7th



Hi OMEN!!! How's my baby? How's my snookie wookems? How's my fiddle dee diddle dee dee etc etc etc

Look

I came across the Bork thingy, the big list of online publications, I was linked to it from Facebook.

And I can tell you I was filled with the most profound sense of nostalgia I have ever felt since I graduated a year and a half ago.

What do you think it did to me, seeing that scan of an Atkins receipt, the Salvation Army receipt? You have no right to make me feel these feels at this time of night! :(

It's bittersweet. I've always felt so conflicted about the Omen, like a part of me didn't belong there at all (and there was drama OH how there was drama), and yet I reveled like a filthy pig in



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the mudpuddles of total creative freedom oh how I loved that sounding board. The Omen is this beautiful thing I helped make happen, and I'm so proud of the work I did on it during my time as editor. But enough about me.

I love, love, LOVE LOVE LOVE the new issues. They make me so happy. KEEP UP THE FUCKING GOOD WORK!!!!

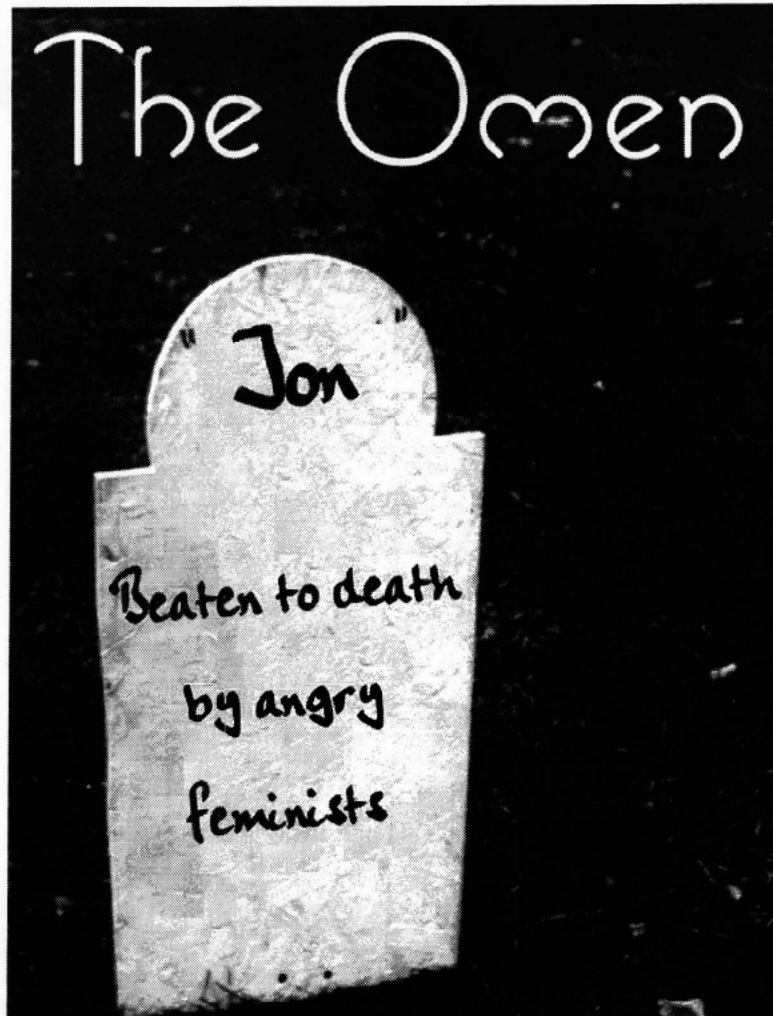
I love the poetry, I love the art, I love the rantings, and it does an old soul good to see the insanity train still chugging along like it used to.

But listen, you guys gotta hustle. It's not just enough to be putting them in SAGA and the mailroom. I'm giving you all an assignment.

Next Thursday (?) when the next issue comes out, you gotta leave them in the weirdest possible places. Classrooms, bathrooms, under the cash register at the Bridge, lined up on the ground like Reese's Pieces for Hampshire's little ETs. Steal like 7 copies and give them to 7 of your most drugged out friends who will do god knows what with them. The point of this exercise is ENTROPY. The OMEN is all about CHAOS. OMEN=CHAOS. Chaos fills the pages. So chaos must be the method by which the chaos is distributed. Chaos x Chaos = SUPERCHAOS. I want all of you to take those issues in your hands, and by the time you're finished distributing them I want you to have forgotten at least one of the places you've put them. Hampshire needs Superchaos more than you know.

You are all amazing individuals, capable of so much, something about God, hello, enjoy your pizza, good riddance, hello, delicious

Love and hugs,  
Ben Batchelder (F09)



Omen Volume 6 Issue 6

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SPEAK: UsEFUT-YIDDIsH PuRASES FoR

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Submitted by Jess Ide

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## The Omen

Volume 6, Number 6  
November 3, 1995

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"Jack don't know shit about the  
obscenity laws."

-Luther Campbell

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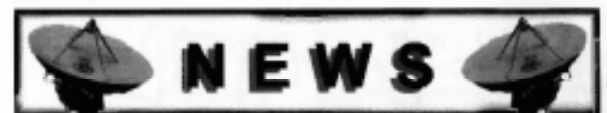
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Time Of Loss

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Time

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Pumpkins

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## Life, Love, and Loss

"You must come home now. Your father is very ill." My mother's voice trembled on the other end of the line. I remember these words vividly, although I heard them three years ago. It was finals week, first semester of my sophomore year at UMass. For me and my family this was the beginning.

I returned home late that evening. Too late to go to the hospital. I sat down at the kitchen table, exhausted. My mom told me about my father's condition. I had not seen him for about four weeks, since Thanksgiving. We would go to the hospital early the next morning. All I knew was that dad had not been eating, had a bloated abdomen and probably had some form of cancer. The next morning I saw a man very

different from the father I saw less than one month earlier.

It turned out that my father did have cancer. And it was terminal. Confused and unsure of what to do, I convinced myself that I should return to school for the spring, taking fewer classes and organizing a schedule around a three-day weekend. I returned home each week assisting my mother and father in taking care of his needs. He could not eat so we had to feed him intravenously. He was becoming very weak. I would bathe him and dress him. Even though his condition was deteriorating he continued to do the things he loved. And he loved to go for walks with me. Even in his weakened condition he did his best, sometimes only making it to the border of our yard, some-

times making it around our block. The company was always good, and I believe I learned more in five minutes with my father on these walks than I have learned in my four years as a student.

As summer came, the good-byes began. Family and friends came to the house to have their last moments with Lance, who was now in a room which we had transformed into a more comfortable version of a hospital. Often times I spoke with the guests as they left my father's room. They all talked of his physical state, how he looked so old for such a young man. However, as they continued talking they spoke of a man who had a tremendous amount to give. Many of them felt nervous in coming but he eased them into the situation, calmed them and consoled them, and blessed them for being there throughout his life.

In early July my father died, my family surrounding him, I and my brother holding his hands.

Following his death my memory gets a bit fuzzy. I returned to school, was physically ill, depressed and very angry throughout the semester. During

*Continued from previous page*

Back The Night" nally next semester. Hopefully I'll also get around to addressing the Uncle Foster Lesbian phenomena as well, and how they seem to be a Huxian/Orwellian/Randian dream come true.

I was also going to address the illusion some people call "empowerment", but I'll save that for the month-long "Take

Jonathan Land  
Managing Editor  
The Omen

*Continued on next page.*



Poetry by Grace Willey

I wrote this at 10:30 pm at night yesterday on very few hours of sleep. I am terrible at poetry but take it anyway. Illustration to follow:

My soul shifts  
Something slips  
Pink yellow  
Hair a shining flurry  
Neon green  
beach trees all  
a scurry

Longing for  
that earthy  
brown somber  
dirt and olive  
tones of  
my inspiration,  
mottling together

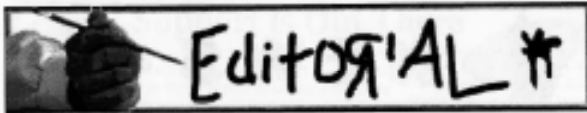
sharpening  
his arrows  
his spears and  
his sword as  
he prepares  
for the hunt  
for Spring that  
while arrive  
in due time.

Technical  
ored dysphoria  
will fly when the  
snow in my  
bones is mud.

-Grace

life (eternal)

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## Take This "Safe Space" And Shove It

There was a meeting this past week at the Women's Center about what to do with sex offenders if they are re-admitted into the school, focused around one particular case. Many people argued that these sex offenders shouldn't be allowed to come back to Hampshire under almost any condition.

The individual who organized the meeting seemed very upset at the fact that she couldn't get any more information on her assailant then a) he was re-admitted and b) she could (and logically, did) get a restraining order. She wanted to know the conditions of his re-entry, where he was living, and a few more things that I forget at this moment in time.

This made me realize: Wow, people here are really delusional about how the world works. There were a bunch of claims which sounded something like, "I pay 29,000 dollars for this school, that should buy me some safety so I can study like the good little student I am." I have many problems with this. First of all, not everyone pays 29 grand to go here, so does that mean that they shouldn't be granted as much safety as full-paying students? Second, does the fact that you are a student give you the right to be

impervious to crime? Finally, if you are not consistently studying 24 hours a day (which I'm sure that everyone does), does that mean you have less rights than someone who does?

Two words: Wake up. This is reality, and no matter how much money you pay, no matter what occupation you have, and no matter how much you study; Things happen in life that are not necessarily the things you want. Now, I'm from New York City, so I'm very aware that things such as crime exist, and it's a beautiful thing that Hampshire has, statistically, so little crime in general, and especially in comparison to the national average. It would be really nice, but you just can't obliterate crime.

First of all, in reality, you're lucky if you can catch the person who committed the crime, whatever it is, and then successfully prosecute them, and b) keep track of them their entire life, so you can avoid them, or force them to avoid you. To the woman who ran this event: Consider yourself fortunate that you know the information you do, it's a lot more than you'd get anywhere else. Also, realistically this guy is probably not going to risk his future further by attempting to become your best friend

whenever he returns to campus. He was probably forced to go into counseling, and the school would probably not have re-admitted him if he seemed to be unstable in any respect upon referring with the counselor. In cases such as this, the school would have to do their homework for fear of liability, and in case you haven't noticed, this school is very fearful of liability.

Incidentally, I also don't believe in the concept of "Safe Spaces". That is not up to you, that's up to whoever wants you to feel unsafe. Now, this is merely an assumption, but I'm sure part of the reason that this was held in the Women's Center was that it was a "Safe Space". This event could have easily occupied the East or West Lecture Hall in FPH, or the auditorium in ASH. You think you're safe there, but it isn't necessarily so. If one went to U-Mass and brought forty drunk fratboys by telling them they could score, and then they invaded the "Safe Space", how safe would it's inhabitants feel? Safety, unfortunately isn't up to you, and if you choose to take advantage of the resources of the world, then you must (also unfortunately) subject yourself to the

Continued on next page

November 3, 1995 Page 5

## Support is Out There

Continued from previous page

that fall I decided to leave school during the winter and go on a pilgrimage. This decision was difficult, I had never traveled overseas. However, I had grown up with a father who traveled all over the world and always expressed satisfaction with the many experiences he had. I decided to go to the Middle East; Egypt and Israel.

Traveling broadened me, it helped me understand American culture better and helped me understand myself and the experiences that have dominated my life ever since that phone call three years ago. After I returned to UMass, I decided that this community needed to support students who are dealing with the serious illness or death of someone important in their life. My negative experiences created a need to reach out to others and change our community so that no student is left isolated during these experiences unless they choose to be.

After one year under the name the Grief Survival Group I have created REFLECT, the 5 College Bereavement Support Program. In a nutshell, it is a program born from my experiences.

This semester we offer a selection of support groups. On Monday nights, until Dec. 4, we offer a drop-in support group for students coping with the serious illness of a friend or family member. On Tuesday nights, until Nov. 21, we offer a drop-in grief

or bereavement group. The groups meet at 7 p.m. in Tobin Hall on the UMass campus. Students can attend as many or as few meetings as they like. In addition we are forming a number of six week bereavement groups, in which students commit to attend every meeting, group size is limited. All our services are free and confidential. If you are interested in any of these groups, would like more info, or need help in any way do not hesitate to call me, Jethro Lance Heiko at 586-5812.

I know that the end of this semester is approaching and I apologize if you did not know about this service until you read this, however I am committed to this program and will do my best to make sure you find support throughout the winter if you are around and certainly there will be services available next semester. I know it is difficult to come to a group, or even to call. I understand this feeling and can only assure you that we will do our best to create a comfortable space for you. Our groups are facilitated by graduate students in clinical psychology. The facilitators are all committed to this program and bring their own loss experiences to their skills of facilitating.

I would also like to share my beliefs concerning the ways in which our society approaches the issues of death and bereavement. Many more of us are dealing with these issues than many might think. For many of us our

college years are spent coping with our first major losses. We are making important life decisions which are affected by our views of our mortality, views which are shaped by our experiences with loss. You are not alone if you lost a father, mother, sister, child, brother, grandparent, aunt, uncle, close friend or fiancé. We are not brought up to discuss these painful issues honestly nor do we live in a cultural ethos where reaching out to others is encouraged, therefore, the feelings of being alone are very understandable. Talk to your friends if you have friends that will listen. If you don't, find some. And know that there are places for you to turn. If you have a friend coping with these experiences listen to them, it will mean a great deal to your friendship.

REFLECT is committed to providing and finding the support students need. We are there to educate the entire community about these issues and will continue to strive for active social and institutional transformation around issues of loss. If you have any questions, concerns, suggestions, or would like to be a participant in our groups do not hesitate to make yourself known to us. Thank you for your patience.

Jethro Lance Heiko,  
Founder and Student Director of  
REFLECT.

REFLECT is sponsored by  
the University of Massachusetts  
Office of the Dean of Students.

Some FoR toilArHAI

quick notes EvrvnDAY before ,roilE

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sound. You know the

gender binary-. you're "a" "t" "uh", "i"

submitted by Jess Ide

Bee Steve by B Corfman

## SECTION HATE

### One More Big Paragraph...

This paragraph (and yes, I am still boycotting the indent key because I feel it's a mortal sin to create five spaces of nothingness when someone has yet to coin the term "fuculent boncholo" in print) has been brought to you by the letter Q ("Bare, you need a U, but weren't you going to use one anyway?") and by the Word Formerly Known as "Woman" before the campus seal, in classic "Poltergeist" style, started to heave up tombstones (Rose Aronson: Only three days away from receiving her doctorates from three separate Ivy League universities, she became one of the first victims of the Hyde Amendment [note: "We Get the Ones DJ Mixed"] after accidentally being hit by the pregnancy stick while putting the final coat of paint on her perpetual motion machine. Died at the hands of a man whose only medical qualifications were bad handwriting and a stethoscope. She could have been Pope. Blame Newt) and all the politically active ladies goosestepped over to the rally in Amherst. I didn't go, although I've been dying to ask one of them why none of the epiaphs mention the word "fetus"-remember there? The little buggers we've been squashing like seed-

less grapes? (By the way, if you want to whine about abortion, which I personally find more tedious than the "begat" section of the Bible, please don't address them to me. Why don't you harass Land instead-ask him why I'm not allowed to use a pseudonym while "Thelma and Louise and Louise" are-do I have to fondle his buttocks too? And if we're going to be editing these little philippics, Jonnie darling, can't we at least revise the college constitution a little, next time you decide to print the entire ludicrous thing? I think Article VII, the Hampshire Task Force, would be a nice place to surreptitiously slip in the phrase "by any means necessary". And possibly replace "Grog Prince" with the aforementioned "fuculent boncholo".) So instead I staggered over to the Smoke-In this weekend and spent a good two hours trying to inhale a hemp basket. It didn't work. Later I ingested a chicken's foot and for a while I believed I was at a mediocre Phish concert, but by then it was time to leave and get ready for Hampshire Halloween. What a wonderful time we had. (I say "we" because by the end of the night I was convinced that I was alternately Lord Xargh of the Dark Realms and a rotting

tump.) Our only regret is that we didn't get to see the haunted house, but nobody wanted to spend all night standing in a Disneyland-sound line between the half-naked guy who smelled vaguely of rotting meat and the girl who was dressed as a tumbon. (A good costume if you want to make sure nobody with a Y chromosome comes within twenty feet of you. Forty if it's used.) Overall, the event typifies the Hampshire experience-free food, wandering around aimlessly and meeting people you think you recognize, gradually losing more and more of your apparel, discussing substance abuse and the occult with random strangers, and waking up the next afternoon locked in a carnal embrace with something three jumps down the evolutionary ladder from you. Remember, this is why you didn't go to UMass. Enjoy it.

Jeremy Treppin



al fire of Dec 7th





November 3, 1995 Page 7

## Daylight Losings Time

So often lately I've been hearing the phrase "Time is so artificial," as an excuse for being somewhere late, not getting something done on time, or not knowing what day it is. Is it that people just like preaching the obvious around here, or are they just stupid? Of course time is artificial, you twit, we made it up. Time is a man-made concept designed for man, by man, so saying time is artificial is like saying nature is natural: you're not saying anything. What I really can't stand, though, is that these people are pointing out something that they don't like and then they sight artificiality as the reason, while the "artificial" things that these people like don't get a complaint. These are the same sorry assholes who are complaining that computers are artificial, but couldn't do a paper without one. The people who whine about money and buildings and cars being artificial, but don't complain so much when they go to their heated and lighted rooms for shelter every night, or take the artificial bus to the artificial town to buy artificial stuff. (These are the same people who complain about capitalism, but then try to sell you a copy of their socialist newsletter, but I digress.) These are the hypocrites who complain about problems without proposing solutions. Just as bad, though, are the people who complain about real things because they are real. I was in the Daken Oven Room (like it deserves capitalization)

the other day when some girl was trying to convince me that she didn't drink milk because (would you believe) "Milk wasn't designed for humans to eat." Once again this is something so obvious that I feel stupid mentioning that it's obvious for fear of being as stupidly obvious as she. Of course it isn't. **nothing on this planet is designed for humans to eat.** Do you think anything wants us to eat it or eat any part of it? This argument is an argument for drinking milk. We are at the top of the food chain: we can eat anything we want to, but to think that anything is designed for us to eat is a pretty self-centered attitude to take. Do you think a pumpkin wants us to carve it, make pie of it's innards, and eat it's seeds? Do you think chickens want us to fry them for lunch and their mis-carriages for breakfast? What a bunch of shit. If you're not drinking milk because it tastes bad to you or makes you feel bad, then fine, but if the reason is because it wasn't produced for humans to eat, then you can't eat anything (except breast milk, which incidentally is the only food produced for humans to eat, and, coincidentally, is also about the only food item we don't bottle or package). Further into the realms of ludicrousness and hypocrisy, this same confused girl admitted to eating butter, ice cream, and cheese all the time. And I was under the impression that everyone here was not only intelligent, but especially intelligent about what they eat.

The point is that here at Hampshire there are a lot of diverse people who do a lot of diverse things. This only becomes a problem when someone tries to enforce their diverse ideas onto someone else (and for meaningless reasons no less). So for everyone out there complaining that time is too fake and milk is too real, give it up. Stop being so artificial to yourselves and stop trying to make your views so real to everyone else. If you don't drink milk, fine, just don't try to make me stop drinking it because it's not designed for me. That's wrong, maybe milk isn't for you, but you can't tell me that it's not for me. So go buy a watch and a carton of 100% whole milk and start living in moderation, because I'll tell you my view now: those people who eat nothing but water and salad and are always fifteen minutes early and just as stupidly radically extreme as those people who eat only french fries (like they deserve capitalization) and pasta Alfredo and are always fifteen minutes late. There is more to life than complaining and vegetables so open your eyes.

Trepplanner by:  
Casey Noellell



marvel can eat my ass.

rick remender and brian michael bendis especially.

there is nothing clever or creative about taking a character with a history of mental illness and having her father, who, while not the most supportive, has always defended her

say "she's insane again we have to stop her"

there is nothing revolutionary about taking a mentally ill Romani woman's agency away from her again and passing off your shit writing as her fault.

there is nothing interesting about turning her family against her again

disregarding everything

for a plot you have recycled time and time again.

wanda maximoff deserves better than this.

[insert image of a giant middle finger superimposed over the marvel logo]

submitted by Mika Holbrook^

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## Smashing Pumpkins

There were but a few things I knew about Smashing Pumpkins before I reviewed this album. I knew that they could be good sometimes, in my opinion, like in Gish. I also thought that at times they are mediocre and not at the best they can be. My feeling towards Smashing Pumpkins was a mild ambivalence not particularly leaning one way or the other. I knew they didn't impress me too much at Lalaploozla a couple of years ago. But I hear from pumpkin fans that they can either be great or they could suck live. Another thing I seem to notice is that you can't easily put a label on the Smashing Pumpkins fans, who all have different reasons on why they like the band. So I approached their new two CD set, Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness, with a mind not expecting anything in particular, and some sort of mild expectations. What I got from the album was as mixed as the variety of songs and styles that Billy Corgan was trying to achieve in this album couplet.

I noticed at once the different type of art that almost thematically is drawn all over the two CD set. When I didn't try to analyze what Corgan was trying to do with the art, I actually appreciated it's wackiness: rab-

bis playing baseball, animals smoking out of a hookah, cats getting married in that old Beatrix Potter style drawing detailed animals as humans. The page numbers in the separate songbook were little figures a neat touch. Fairy tale like song titles such as "Porcelina of The Vast Ocean", "Cupid de Loche" and "Thru the Eyes of A Ruby", along with the pictures, made me wonder if Billy has been reading any Lewis Carroll lately. The first song was actually closest to a classical peice, the only instrumental, using a piano and some strings. A point that I liked about the album was the different instruments heard in some of the slow songs: classical guitar, toy pianos and some kind of xylophone thing. That and the lyrics were the (only) creative aspects of the albums. These were mostly in the "slow" songs which were a good half of the twenty eight songs. I tend to bend more toward those songs as well as the other smashing pumpkins songs I know of that are different and more carefully arranged.

It certainly isn't that I dislike the raw, simple electric guitars and angry voice hard stuff. But on

Maybe if Billy didn't put so many songs on his new

album it would be okay. Sometimes picky artists are better artists. If The Smashing Pumpkins were indeed trying to change or experiment with a different style, then the songs with real character should be on one whole album. But of course there are always better and worse songs on every album, and this is my personal view on which songs are good and bad. I would suggest, though, saving some money and copying the good stuff onto a tape from a friend's CD.

Amber Cortes

Do you enjoy **kinky** stories? Does **erotic** turn you on? If so.... try writing for the **Aids Action Collective Safer Sex Erotica Contest** and win cool stuff!! Now accepting poetry and prose  
**Deadline.... November 9th**  
**Send your submissions to the Aids Resource Center**  
Winning entries will be published in our new zine!  
Pseudonymous entries accepted will be published as such, however we must know your real name for contact purposes

e

"heteronormative"

is a regular word.

Kill all the

puppies Harge ale di hunt.

e

I am submitting lkh derlang tzu Der to The

**Vortseykhnl!**

omen! youre unfazed by a cow wandering around campus!

e

Submitted by Jess Ide

15



Screenshots from Northern Exposure (above and below)  
submitted by Grace Willey

Dear God I have so many feelings about this episode. This is my favorite episode of my favorite show ever.



during the actual fire of Dec 7th



Chapter 1: Bath Time, for Swoom

~In Which Swoom the Giantess Takes A Bath~

Once upon a time there was a giantess named Swoom who lived all alone on top of the Rocky Mountains in America. Swoom was so tall, and she sat so close to the sun, that the top half of her was dark and tan, whereas the bottom half of her was pale and white. Too, more often than not, the passing clouds would form a sort of vast and shifting garland which licked her forehead and temples as they passed. And that was how she spent most of her days.

Giants generally have very little to do all day since society is put in place by people of normal proportions who never invite giants to be a part of it since they are afraid the giants will squish it. So giants choose solitary, if somewhat boring lives, and most of the time they don't give too much thought about whether or not they are truly happy, and this develops into a sort of equilibrium for them.

Every day Swoom climbed down from the mountain to take a bath in the cool glacial waters of Lake Hard Lace, which stretched wayyyy up across what we now think of as Colorado and alllllll the way up into what we now think of as Wyoming. And PLUNK! she would dip her feet into the water to test the temperature and, seeing as it was adequately cold (she liked it cold) would wade on in, feeling it collect around her ankles, her knees, her thighs, her inguinal thicket, her belly button, her breasts, her shoulders and neck, and finally, O finally, her face and all the way up to the top of her head, which were charred and black like jerky. And the displacement of the pond would bring torrents of water into high altitudes, irrigating land and turning it into meadowlands capable of sustaining a small population of plants and animals which would otherwise not be there.

Swoom was blessed with a pair of lungs the size of houses, and this meant that she could hold her breath underwater for hours at a time, spending that time just a-twizzling her toes and a-scratching her arms which felt so very good to her there in the cold, cold water. Look there, now you can see her, suspended blissfully under the water, with a wild island of ratty gray hair floating on top. Eagles and falcons and ptarmigans and swans exhausted from their days of hunting and foraging for food would rest on her island of hair

before continuing on. And black bears would clamber up onto the island of hair to finish their lunches of freshwater salmon, knowing however not to stay for too long since any minute they might be lifted up into the air whenever Swoom came up for air. This had happened from time to time, Swoom would be very much returned-from-her-bath-and-sat-back-up-in-her-perch-at-the-top-of-the-mountain-all-nice-and-cleanlike, and she would occasionally find to her great astonishment some petrified animal, perhaps a groundhog or some species of canine clinging to her scalp, noses bleeding and ears popping from the altitude. Taking a minute to smile a great smile (giants smile for a very long time) she would let the bewildered critters down onto the land and have a nice little laugh to herself, which shook the shrubs and trees down there, frightening the sparrows.

Swoom loved the days at the cusp of the winter, just after the fall, when she would climb down the mountain and find to her great delight that the pond had just started to freeze over the night before. Then with her big toe she could crack the icy surface of the pond like a huge icy crème brûlée and let her body drift down into the frigid waters, whereupon she found it of most delight to simply lie supine and float down the river, one giantess among the many shards of ice, and feel the first meager snowflakes of the season tickle her face as she floated and smiled.

But apart from these few aquatic pleasures the giantess' life was one of boredom and solitude.

Swoom spent most of the day sitting perfectly still on top of the mountain, with her giant elbows resting on her giant knees and her giant head resting in her giant hands.

Submitted by Ben Batchelder

# THE RETURN OF SURLY BOY!

After 14 long years of freedom



(Making the omen archive site may have turned me into an Omen fangirl! ~Jess)

I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)



"Shut up and take my sad gay Northern Exposure fanart"--Grace Wiley (the submitter of the above picture).

during the actual fire of Dec 7th



## Shocking French Video

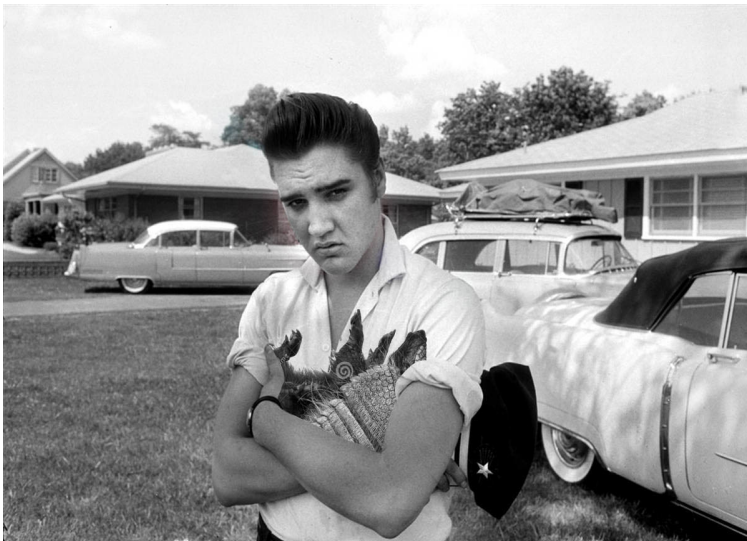
If you don't know French, you've got to see this brilliant video before it's gone!

You'll be absolutely blown away after!

[Watch Video](#)

< Tom Howe





Submitted by Jess Ide



^ Submitted by Alex de Strulle >

### The New Dakin Republic

A non-serious proposal for a psychological experiment involving power dynamics and government systems, this experiment shall take place in the Dakin dorms. The list that follows shall be one of rules for said system.

1. Each hall gets a vote for a set of self-campaigning representative for each letter block (e.x: The halls in Dakin D vote for a single Dakin D representative).
  2. Each representative can pick up to two advisors.
  3. An important note is that if any hall feels particularly upset about their block's representative, they can cast a hall vote (over 50% wins) for secession. This would help out identity based housing halls greatly, and would mean that they would function as a separate letter block with their own representative.
  4. If the representatives are inadequate the entire block can vote to replace them, again, over 50% vote wins.
  5. These representatives would essentially function just as RAs would in their blocks but would also be able to assemble to create rules and regulations for the entire dorm (providing that none of these go against Hampshire's overall policies).
  6. At the start of the experiment students would be encouraged to be creative leaders and to think about how to bring the dorm together as a whole.
- The experiment would run for a month provided that no abuse or injury befalls the people of Dakin. Any incident that breaks Hampshire's policies or any rule that is enforced that harms a populous will terminate the experiment immediately.

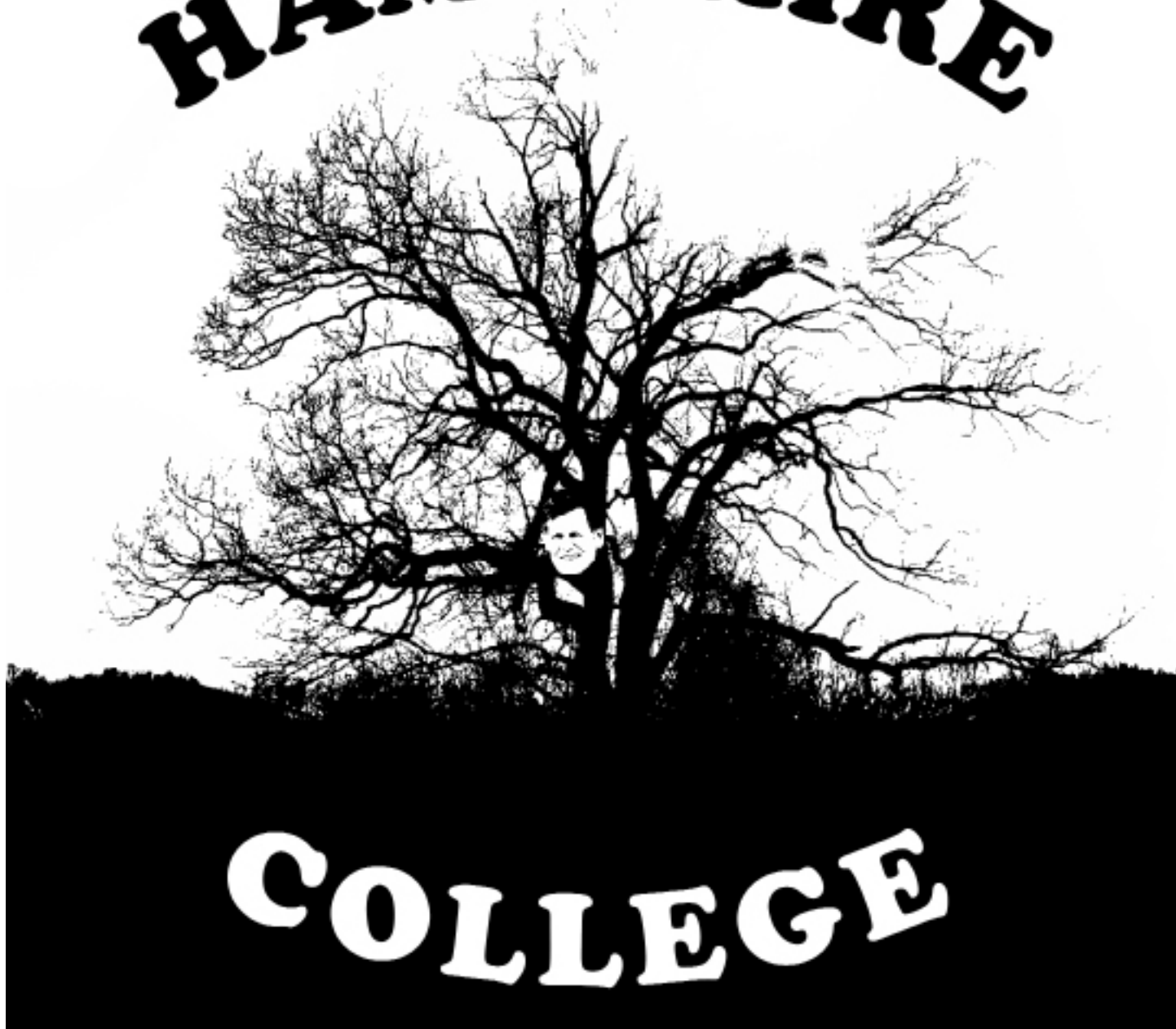
Note: A truly authentic experiment would involve complete removal from Hampshire's policies, alas this is probably not possible. But one can dream.

Double note: Probably none of this is possible, but one can dream Harold.

SECTION

FIRE

HAMPSHIRE



during the actual fire of Dec 7th







Above: A traveler found in the Merrill C lounge. Submitted by Owen Aptekar-Cassels.

At right: The wonderful works of Joan Miró. Submitted by Temperance Dewar, along with this poem:

"Woman Addressing the Public"

Escultura a la entrada  
Te llamas "Mujer"  
Estoy asustada  
¿Qué es ser  
Una mujer?  
¿Está en la cara?  
¿Está en el alma?  
Los brazos abran  
y tú me traga.

during the actual fire of Dec 7th



I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)



## Potential Submission



From Eva Isabel Tirado Barrett

To omen@hampshire.edu

Date 2014-11-24 21:53

I am replying to Nora Miller's "Things You Should Stop Doing In SAGA"...

Can you please tell me if this is appropriate or not?

I don't want to be mean, and, I actually know Nora Miler from the Superhero Hallo'een event, but, I want to NOT come off as ridiculously rude!

Thank you!!

Eva Isabel

[ist14@hampshire.edu](mailto:ist14@hampshire.edu)

Attached to the above email was the following response, also submitted by Eva Isabel Tirado Barrett:

The Glasses ARE Half Full

Dear Nora Miller,

There is strife in many things, and even though it'd be rude of me to simply say, "smile through the rain" (because, being sensitive to your work environment is not entirely bad)...well, smile through it somehow.

1. Bending down to pick up plates improves your balance skills, excites the nerve endings through your central lobe, and also shows you're a muggle.

Because, we all know that "Wingardium Leviosa...rise, plates, to thee! Make thyself known!" can only work if you're a pureblood.

2. What do you do when whining becomes an issue? People who complain tend to do so only because they expect more. It shows they have placed a certain level of confidence in an establishment, and it has not met their standards.

To me, it seems wonderful that the students/parents/teachers here have high expectations for Hampshire's food. At least they are not indifferent to it.

3+4. The waffles seem to have a mind of their own, and have skills that serve their urges...(time for a Food Behaviour Class).

5. Stealing whole pies...please tune in on Animal Planet and watch ants lug off twice their weight of loot...

6. People often get upset over things that are silly. Llama-drama always goes down at guacamole central when there is none left, yo.

But, thank-you for providing it for us in the first place.

7. The salt-and-pepper incident was probably me. Thank-you for informing us that even the littlest things can create chaos. I can see you did not take 5 minutes to double-check for any grammatical errors, and I did not take 5 minutes to think before I contaminated the salt-and-pepper shaker.

during the actual fire of Dec 7th



## The Glasses ARE Half Full—Of Shit.

A Response to Eva Isabel Tirado Barrett's Response to "Shit You Should Stop Doing in Saga"

By Nora "Rain-Smile" Miller

Dear Eva Isabel,



^ Smiling in the rain. Thanks for the suggestion!

1. Have you even read Harry Potter? The factual errors in this made all of us here in the Omen office cringe.

2. Then maybe they shouldn't be indifferent to the people who work there. It is not "wonderful" to shit all over someone's day's work because your "standards haven't been met". And they should whine where it is effective, to management, not to the people working with what they have.

3. and

4. waffles do not have the ability to move independently. I guess they're controlling the minds of Hampshire students and causing them

to treat spaces in a shitty way? \*spooky music\*

5. This just in: Hampshire students are not sheep. In fact, they're ants!

6. You're welcome.

7. Thanks for making a hard job harder! I appreciate your commitment to filling my work-day with fun challenges. [But seriously though. Grow the hell up and stop making people clean up your messes.] (((and also people in glass houses, Eva Isabel. You spelled "contaminated" as "contaminated" in the same sentence that you criticized my grammar. lol)))

But in all seriousness, the things that you said really sucked. And yeah, you did come off as ridiculously rude. I enter every shift hoping that people won't do gross, shitty, obnoxious things. When they do those things, I hope they were unintentional, or that calling this kind of thing out will give people self awareness about the things that make the lives of people who work for them more difficult. Thanks for bursting that bubble for me. At least now we know who to look to when people do stuff like this. >>>

Thanks Eva Isabel!

I'll keep smiling through the rain, somehow.

xoxo

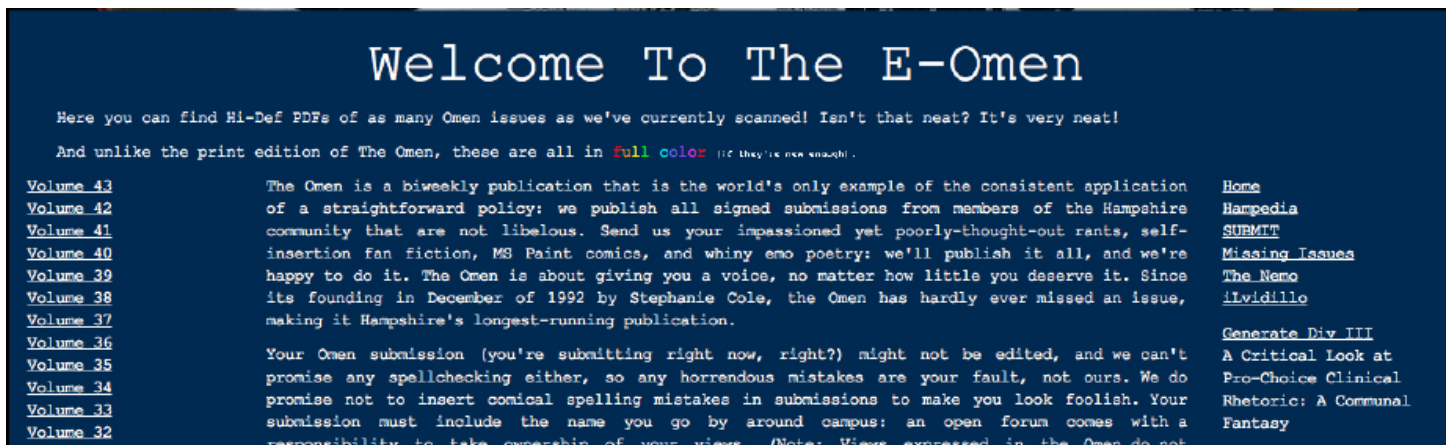
Nora



I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)



Submitted by Jess Ide



Oh heeey the Omen Website is done! It doesn't look that different but it's actually been completely remade from scratch and is now amazingly so much better on the back-end! Cool beans! The power of actual code and not trying to use Adobe Muse like a bunch of doofuses.

The retro look is intentional god-dammit, it's The Omen, we are always trapped in the past, forever nostalgic, an archive of infinite nostalgia of nostalgias, a record of events past. The Omen's built on industry standards we just have an aesthetic to uphold y'know?

during the actual fire of Dec 7th

# SECTION ELECTION

I Dakin Resident took refuge here (again)



## **Attention Omenites: The Results of the Fall 2014 Omen Editrix Elections Has Come In!!!**

Because of an attempt by Noah Vesely to vote 8 times, who was also the only person to vote, the ballot has been rendered invalid on count of ballot stuffing. Until the next election cycle, B Corfman will serve as Interim Interim Interim Co-Editrix In Chief, in place of Grace Willey's former Interim Interim Position, and Grace Willey will serve as Interim Interim Interim Co-Editrix In Chief, in place of B Corfman's former Interim Interim Position. This outcome is happening in the name of total fairness, and has nothing to do with any shadowy plans.

You may notice that Jonathan Gardner will be back next semester, but not the Editor. Ignore this. This has nothing to do with figuring out who will be interim editor. What's that? You think it's suspicious that the person accused of voter fraud is writing the announcement of the election results? Why would that be suspicious? I didn't stuff the ballot, and it's not like there's any rules against that or anything anyway. Who are you to try and question me? Who gave you the power to tell me I shouldn't be voted for 8 times by the same person? You're not focussing enough on all my accomplishments. Stop being so negative. Read the omen. Submit to the omen. Server the monolith. Don't question our system of governance.

~Jess Ide

Omen Webspert & Not A Member Of Any Secret Shadow Councils





